BRITANNIA TRIVMPHANS:

A

Maſque,

Preſented at White Hall, by the Kings Majeſtie and his Lords, on the Sunday after Twelfth-night, 1637.

BY

Inigo Iones Surveyor of his Majeſties workes, and *William Davenant* her Majeſties ſervant.

LONDON,

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TRIUMPHANS.

A

MASQUE.

Performed at White Hall,

by the King's Majesties Servants,

upon Tuesday, the Sixth of

January, 1637.

LONDON,

BRITANNIA Triumphans.

PRINCES of ſweet and humane Natures have ever both amongſt the Ancients and Modernes in the beſt times, preſented ſpectacles, and perſonall repreſentations, to recreate their Spirits waſted in grave affaires of State, and for the entertainment of their Nobilitie, Ladies, and Courts.

There being now paſt three yeers of Intermiſſion, that the King and Queenes Majeſties have not made Maſques with ſhewes and Intermedij, by reaſon the roome where formerly they were preſented, having the ſeeling ſince richly adorn'd with peeces of painting of great value, figuring the acts of King *Iames* of happy memory, and other inrichments: leſt this might ſuffer by the ſmoake of many lights, his Majeſtie commanded the Surveyor of his workes, that a newtemporary roome of Timber, both for ſtrength and capacitie of ſpectators, ſhould bee ſuddenly built for that uſe; which being performed in two moneths, the Scenes for this Maſque were prepared.

The Subject of this *Masque.*

BRitanocles, *the glory of the Westerne world, hath by his wisedome, valour, and pietie, not onely vindicated his owne, but farre distant Seas, infested with Pyrats, and reduc'd the land (by his example) to a reall knowledge of all good Arts and Sciences. These eminent Acts* Bellerophon *in a wise pittie willingly would preserve from devouring time, and therefore to make them last to our Posteritie, gives a command to Fame, (who hath already spred them abroad) that shee should now at home (if there can bee any maliciously insensible) awake them from their pretended sleepe, that even they with the large yet still increasing number of the good and loyall, may mutually admire and rejoyce in our happinesse.*

THe Queens Majestie being seated under the State, and the roome fild with Spectators of qualitie, at the lower end of the roome was a Stage raised of a convenient height, and an Ovall staire downe into the roome: That which first presented it selfe to the eye, was the Ornament that encloſed the Scene.

In

In the under part of this were two pedestalls of a solid order whereon captives lay bound, above sate two figures in neeches; on the right hand a woman in a watchet drapery, heightned with silver, on her head a *Corona Rostrata*, with one hand holding the rudder of a ship, & in the other a little winged figure with a branch of Palme, and a Girland; this woman represented Navall victory. Opposite to this in the other neech sate the figure of a man bearing a Scepter with a hand and an eye in the Palme, and in the other hand a booke, on his head a Girland of *Amaranthus*, his Curace was of gold, with a *Palludamentum* of blue and Antike bases of Crimson, his foot treading on the head of a Serpent; by this figure was signified right government: above these were other composed ornaments cut out like cloth of silver, tied up in knots with scarfings all touch'd with gold.

These Pillasters bore up a large Freese with a Sea triumph of naked children, riding on sea horses & fishes, and young Tritons with writhen trumpets, and other maritime fancies. In the midst was placed a great compartiment of gold, with branches of Palme comming out of the scrowles, and within that a lesser of silver with this inscription, *VIRTVTIS OPVS*, proper to the subject of this Masque, and alluding to that of *Virgil* —— *Sed famam extendere factis, &c.* from this came a drapery of Crimson, which tied up with great knots in the corners hung downe in foulds on the sides of the Pillasters.

A curtaine flying up discovered the first Scene, wherein were English houses of the old and newer formes, intermixt with trees, and a farre off a prospect

of the Citie of London, and the River of Thames, which being a principall part, might bee taken for all great Britaine.

From ſeverall parts of the Scene came *Action* and *Impoſture*. *Action* a young man in a rich habit downe to his knees, with a large gard of purple about the skirt, wherein was written with ſilver letters, *MEDIO TVTISSIMA*, on his head a girland of Laurell, and in one hand a branch of willow: *Impoſture* in a coar with hanging ſleeves and great skirts, little breeches, a high crowned hat one ſide pind up, a little ruffe, and a formall beard, and an angling rod in his hand with a fiſh at the hooke, with a bag and a horne at his girdle.

Action.

My variable Sir; Ith' name of Heaven,
What makes your falſhood here where fame intends
Her triumphs all of Truth? her Trumpet ſhe
Hath choſen new and cleane, leſt it ſhould taint
Her breath; Thou art ſo uſeleſſe to the world
That thou art impudent, when thou doſt ſhare
What is moſt cheape, and common unto all
The Aire and Light; I doe beſeech thee my
Fine, falſe Artificer, hide both thy faces
(For thou art double every where) ſteale hence
And I'le take care, thou ſhalt no more be miſs'd
Than ſhadowes are at night.

Impoſture.

Be patient Sir!
This valiant humour of diſdaine workes not
So powerfully as you beleeve, I hide my ſelfe?
The reaſons muſt bee ſtrong, that ſhall perſwade

Me under ground: The Badger loves his hole,
Yet is not so bashfull, but dares looke out
And shew himselfe, when there is prey abroad:
Then strangely arrogant, I pittie thee
As Politickes doe men too humble, for
Their care, much more for their redresse; that is,
I smile at thee (the Graver way of scorne)
For should I langh, I feare 'twould make thee thinke
Thy impudence had somewhat in't of wit,
Didst ever hope to be so usefull in
The manage and support of humane workes
As I?

Action.

Proceed, Proceed, make up your History.

Imposture.

Wisely the jealous sceptickes did suspect
Realitie in every thing, for every thing but seemes,
And borrowes the existence it appeares
To have: Imposture governs all, even from
The gilded Ethnicke Miter, to the painted staffe
Oth' Christian Constable, all but pretend
Th' resemblance of that power which inwardly
They but deride, and whisper merry questions to themselves
Which way it comes.

Action.

I' have cunningly observ'd
This is a pleasant new Philosophie:

Imposture.

Right Sir, and what is pleasant unto all
Is generally good, Troth I could wish
Our reason were as certaine as our sense
Would alter in dispute, as little bee

As soone confirm'd, but since it is not so,
That universally shall take, which most
Doth please, not what pretends at profit, and
Imaginarie good, Is it not fit
And almost saf'st to cosen all, when all
Delight still to bee cosen'd.

Action.

These Lectures would
Subdue a numerous sect, wert thou to preach
To young soft Courtisans, unpractis'd heires
Of over practis'd Vsurers, silken
And fine feathered gallants, whose easie eares
Still open to delights, and shut at truths:
But Fate takes not so little care of those
For whom it doth preserve the Elements:
That what is chiefe within us should bee quite
Deprav'd, as we were onely borne to aime
At trifles here, like children in their first
Estate of using legs, to run at sight
Of bubbles, and to leap at noise of bels.

Imposture.

Even so beleev't, and in their chiefest growth
They follow but my Grandsire Mahomets
Divinitie, who doth allow the good a handsome Girle
On earth, the valiant two in Paradise.

Action.

Thou art so read in humane appetites
That were the Divell licenc'd to assume
A body, thou might'st bee his Cooke, yet know
If you endevour it, you may perswade
Your selfe, there are some few 'mongst men
That as our making is erect, looke up

To

To face the Starres, and fancy nobler hopes
Than you allow, not downward hang their heads
Like Beasts to meditate on earth, on abject things
Beneath their feet.

Impoſture.

T'is a thinne number ſure,
And much diſperſt, for they will hardly meet
In Councels and in Synods to enact
Their Doctrine by conſent, That the next age
May ſay they parted friends.

Action.

'Tis poſſible
'Leſſe you ſteale in amongſt them to diſturbe
Their peace, diſguiſd in a Canonick weed,
Nor are theſe ſuch, that by their reaſons ſtrict
And rigid diſcipline, muſt fright nice Court
Philoſophers from their beleefe, ſuch as impute
A tyrannous intent to heavenly powers,
And that their tyrannie alone did point
At men, as if the Fawne and Kid were made
To friske and caper out their time, and it
Were ſinne in us to dance, the Nightingale
To ſing her tragick tales of love, and wee
To recreate our ſelves with Groanes, as if
All perfumes for the Tyger were ordain'd
Cauſe he excels in ſcent: colours, and gaudy tinctures for
The Eaſterne birds, whilſt all our ornament
Are ruſſet robes, like melancholy Monks.

Impoſture.

There are Sir of this rigid ſect, and much
They governe too, that thinke the Godwit and
The Rayle were meant the Eagles food, and men

Design'd to feed on Salads in a meade,
As if we were created but a great
And larger kinde of Frogs.

Action.

It is confess'd;
There are some sullen Clarkes that love
To injure and to scant themselves, yet you
May finde a few whose wisedomes merit greater sway
That will allow us pleasures 'bove our cares,
Yet these wee must not compasse with our guilt,
But every Act bee squar'd by vertues rule.

Imposture.

Vertue, 'tis a meere name, Virgins that want
A dowry, learn't by rote, to raise the price
Of old unhansome lookes: admit, ther's one
Or two allow in nature such a thing,
And that it is no dreame: These mighty Lords
Of reason have but a few followers,
And those goe ragged too, the prosperous, brave
Increasing multitude pursue my steps.
The great devourer of mysterious bookes
Is come, Merlin, *whose deepe Prophetick Art*
Foretold that at this particle of Time
He would forsake's unbodied friends below
And waste one usuall circuit of the Moone
On earth, to trie how Natures face is chang'd
Since his decease.

Merlin *enters.*

Merlin the Propheticke Magitian enters apparel'd in a gowne of light purple, downe to his ankles, slackly girt, with wide sleeves turned up with powdred Ermines,

mines, and a roll on his head of the same, with a tippet hanging downe be hinde, in his hand a silverd rod.

Action.

Your eyes encounter him
As you would make great use of's visit here.

Imposture.

With reason Sir, for he hath power to wake
Those that have many ages slept, such as
When busie in their flesh, were my Disciples.
Haile thou most ancient Prophet of this Isle,
I that have practis'd superstitious rites
Vnto thy memory, beg thy immortall aid,
To raise their figures that in times forgot
Were in the world predominant; Helpe to
Confute this righteous foole, that boasts his small
Neglected stocke of wisedome, comes from Heaven, and shew
How little it prevail'd on earth, since all
The mightie here, are of my sect.

Merlin.

'Tis long
Since this my Magicke rod hath struck the Aire
Yet losse of practice can no Art impaire,
That soares above the reach of natures might,
Thus then I charme the Spirits of the night,
And unto Hell conjure their wings to steere,
And streight collect from dismall corners there
The great seducers of this Isle, that by
Their baits of pleasure strove to multiply
Those sad Inhabitants, who curse that truth below
Which here on Earth they tooke no paines to know,
Appeare! Appeare! nimbly obey my will
T'expresse I di'd t' increase my Magicke skill.

The whole Scene was transformed into a horrid Hell, the further part terminating in a flaming precipice, and the neerer parts expreſſing the Suburbs, from whence enter the ſeverall Antimaſques.

1. Entrie.

Of mock-muſick of 5. perſons.

One with a Violl, the reſt with
Taber and Pipe,
Knackers and bells,
Tongs and key,
Gridiron and ſhooing horne.

2. Entrie.

A ballad ſinger } *with their Auditorie.*
his companion }
A Porter laden,
A Vintners boy,
A Kitchin maid with a handbasket,
A Saylor.

3. Entrie.

A crier of mouſe-traps, } *bearing the Engines be-*
A ſeller of tinderboxes, } *longing to their trades.*
The maſter of
Two Baboones and
An Ape.

4. Entrie.

A Mountebanke in the habit of a grave Doctor,
A Zany, } *his men.*
A Harlekin }
An old lame Chare woman.
Two Pale wenches preſenting their urinals, and hee diſtributing his printed receits out of a Budget.

5. Entrie.

5. Entrie.

Foure old fashioned Parasiticall Courtiers.

6. Entrie.

Of rebellious Leaders in warre.

Cade,
Kett,
Jack Straw *and*
their souldiers.

The apparell of these in part shewed their base professions, mixt with some souldier-like Accoutrements.

These Antimasques being past, *Bellerophon* entered riding on *Pegasus*, in a cote armour of silver scales, and on his head an Antique Helme with Plumes, his Bases watchet with labels of gold, a golden Javelin in his hand, the point of lead.

The *Pegasus* was covered all with white close to his skin, his main and tail of silver, with large white wings, his reines and saddle of carnation trimd with silver. Hee riding up into the middle of the roome with an attendant alighted.

Action.

Bellerophon? *Thou that the of-spring art of Heaven,*
Most timely, and by Inspiration sure,
Thou com'st to helpe me to despise and scorne
These Ayry mimick Apparitions, which
This cosening Prophet would present as great
Examples for succeeding times to imitate.

Bellerophon.

Through thick assembled clouds, through mists that would
Choke up the Eagles eye, I in my swift
And sudden journey through the Aire, have seene
All these fantasticks objects, which but shew
How dull the Impious were to be so stilly
Misled, and how the good did ever need
But little Care, and lesse of Braine, to scape
Th' apparant bayts of such grosse Fooles.

Imposture.

I Sir,
T' were easy to subdue if Cholerick scorne
Might make up confutation without helpe
Of Arguments, the virtuous Sir of late
Have got a fine Feminine trick to rayle
At all they will dislike, referre what is
Not easily understood unto a kind
Obedient Faith, and then call reason but
A new and saucie Heretick, those that
My reverend Prophet rais'd, which you Sir in
A virtuous fury have cal'd Fooles, I'me sure
Did governe when alive, and by
Imposture made their estimation thrive.

Bellerophon.

Monster! thou know'st 'tis not thy strange defence
Of Reason that provokes my rage, but thou
Would'st cunningly disguise thy sense
In Reasons shape, cosening thy willing selfe,
And giving seeming pleasures, reall Attributes:
These taking tunes, to which the numerous world
Doe dance (when your false-sullennesse shall please)
You may compare, to th dangerous Musique of

The ſwan, a merry preparation ſtill
To Melancholy death.

Impoſture.

Cry mercy, Sir!
You are Heroique virtue, who pretend
An Embaſſy from Heaven, and that y'are ſent
To make new lovers heere on Earth, you will
Refine the waies of wooing, and preſcribe
To valor, nobler exerciſe, than what
The Ancient Knights Advent'rers taught, but firſt
See theſe of th'old Heroique race, Merlin
Aſſiſt me once more with thy charming rod,
To ſhew this ſtrict Corrector of delights
What Ladies were of yore, and what their Knights,
Although their ſhapes and manners now grow ſtrange,
Make him admire, what he would ſtrive to change.

Bellerophon.

Alas, how weake and eaſie would you make
Our intellectuall ſtrength, when you have hope
It may be overcome with noyſe and ſhews.

Impoſture.

Yes, and this morall Magiſtrate; your ſtrict
O'r ſolemne Friend, that in ſuch comely Phraſe
Diſputes for active virtue, and declares
Himſelfe the mark of all unrighteous oppoſites,
His Magnanimity ſhall yeeld at laſt,
Streight take my Angle in his hand, then bait
The hooke with guilded Flies, to fiſh in troubled Seas:
For all the world is ſuch, and in a ſtorme;
Where the Philoſopher (that ſtill ſwimmes in
Profoundeſt depths) will (Sir) as eaſily
Bee ſnapt, as fooles that float on ſhallow ſtreames.

And

And taken with a Lyne, no ſtronger ſir, than what
will teare a little Gudgeons Iawes.

Action.

The Knight Adventurer that you intend
To raiſe, muſt then adventure far, and make
His valour captivate, ſurer and ſoone
As his lamenting Ladies lookes, I'le not
Be taken elſe.

Impoſture.

Moſt reverend Lord of Dark
Vnuſuall ſciences begin thy charme.

Merlin.

Like furious Rivers meeting under ground,
So hollow and ſo diſmall is the ſound
Of all my inward murmures, which no eare
But with a wild aſtoniſhment can heare;
Though not ſo loud as Thunder, Thunders are
A ſlower noyſe, and not amaze ſo far.
Which to expreſſe, that diſtant ſpirits heare,
And willingly obey: Appeare, Appeare!

At this the Hell ſuddainly vaniſheth, and there appeares a vaſt Foreſt, in which ſtood part of an old Caſtle kept by a Giant, proper for the Scene of the Mock *Romanſe* which followed: Out of this Foreſt comes running and affrighted, a Dwarf and a Damſell; The Dwarfe in blue and white, the Damſell in a ſtreight bodied gown and wide ſleeves of changeable, with a ſafegard of Silver ſtuffe, and a paſt and partlet like a Morall figure in old hangings: to theſe a Knight in old faſhioned Armour, with Speare and Shield, his Squire apparell'd in a yellow Coat, with wide ſleeves,

and

and ſtroſſers cut in paines of yellow and watchet; After them a Giant in a Coat of Mayle, his baſes red and ſilver, with a Fauchion hanging in a Chaine, and in his hand an iron mace, a great roll of black and white on his head: A Saracens face with great black muſtachoes.

The Mock Romanſa.

Dwarfe, Squire.

Dwar. *FLy from this Foreſt, Squire! Fly truſty ſparke!*
I feare like child, whom maid hath left ith' darke.
Squire. *O Coward baſe! whoſe feare will never Lynne*
Till't ſhrinke thy heart as ſmall as head of Pynne!
Lady, with pretty finger in her eye
Laments her Lamkin Knight, and ſhall I flye?
Is this a time for blade to ſhift for's ſelfe,
When Gyant vile, cals Knight a ſneaking Elfe?
This day, (a Day as faire as heart could wiſh)
This Gyant ſtood on ſhore of ſea to fiſh,
For Angling rod hee tooke a ſturdy Oake,
For line a Cable that in ſtorme n'er broke;
His hook was ſuch as heads the end of Pole,
To pluck down houſe ere fire conſumes it whole.
This hooke was baited with a Dragons taile,
And then on Rock he ſtood to bob for Whale:
Which ſtreight he caught and nimbly home did pack,
With ten Cart load of dinner on his back:
Thus homward bent, his eye too rude and cunning,
Spies Knight and Lady by an hedge a ſunning.

That Modicum of meat he downe did lay
(For it was all he eat on fasting day)

Enter Giant, Knight and Damsell.

Dwarfe

They come, in's rage he spurn's up huge tree roots,
Now stick to Lady Knight, and up with boots.

Giant.

Bold recr'ant wight! what Fate did hither call thee,
To tempt his strength, that hath such power to maule thee?
How durst thy puling Damsell hither wander?
what was the talke you by yon'd hedge did maunder?

Damsell.

Patience sweet man of might! alas Heaven knowes
We onely hither came to gather sloes,
And Bullies two or three; for truth to tell ye
I've long'd six weeks with these to fill my belly:
I'fecks if you'l beleev't, nought else was meant sure
By this our Iaunt, which Errants call Adventure.

Giant.

Shall I grow meeke as Babe when ev'ry Trull is
So bold to steale my sloes and pluck my bullyes?

Knight.

Feare not! let him storme on, and still grow rougher,
Thou that art bright as candle cleer'd by snuffer,
Canst n'ere endure a blemish or Eclipse
From such a hookt nose foule mouth'd Bobber lips:
Ere he shall boast, he us'd thee thus to's People,
I'le see him first hang'd high as any Steeple.

Giant.

If I but upward heave my oaken Twig,
Ile teach thee play the Tom-boy, her the Rig,
Within my Forest bounds: what doth shee aile

But shee may serve as Cooke to dresse my whale?
In this her Damsels tire and robe of sarcenet
Shee shall souce here, fry tripes, and wild hogs harsnet.

Knight.

O monster vile, thou mighty ill bred Lubber,
Art thou not mov'd to see her whine and blubber?
Shall Damsell faire (as thou must needs confesse her)
With Canvas apron, dresse thy meat at dresser?
Shall shee that is of soft and pliant mettle,
Whose Fingers silke would gaule, now scowre a Kettle?
Though not to scuffle giv'n, now Ile thwart thee,
Let Blowze thy daughter serve for shillings forty.
T'is meeter (I thinke) such ugly baggages
Should in a Kitchin drudge for yearly wages,
Than gentle Shee who hath been bred to stand
Neere chaire of Queene with Island shock in hand.
At Questions and commands, all night to play,
And Amber Possits eat at breake of Day,
Or score out Husbands in the chareole ashes.
With Courtly Knights, not roaring country swashes,
Hath beene her breeding still, and's more fit far
To play on Virginals, and the Gittar,
Than stir a seacole fire, or scumme a Cauldron,
When thou shalt breake thy fast on a buls Chaudron.

Giant.

Then I perceive I must lift up my Pole,
And deale your love-sick noddle such a dole
That ev'ry blow shall make so huge a clatter,
Men ten leagues off shall aske, Hah! what's the matter?

Damsell.

Kind grumbling youth! I know that thou art able,
And want of breeding makes thee prone to squable,

Yet sure thy Nature doth compunction meane
Though('las) thy mother was a sturdy Queane:
Let not meeke lovers kindle thy fierce wrath,
But keepe thy blustring breath to coole thy broth.

Knight.

Whine not my love, his fury streight will waste him,
Stand off a while and see how Ile lambaste him.

Squire.

Now looke to't Knight, this such a desp'rate blade is,
In Gaule he swing'd the valiant sir Amadis!

Dwarfe.

With bow, now Cupid shoot this sonne of Puncke
With crosse-bow else, or pellet out of trunke!

Giant.

Ile strike thee till thou sink where the abode is
Of wights that sneake below, cald Antipodis.

Merlin.

My Art will turne this Combat to delight
They shall unto fantastick Musick fight.

They fall into a dance and depart.

Bellerophon.

How triviall and how lost thy visions are!
Did thy Propheticke Science take such eare
(when thou wert mortal) with unlawfull power
To recollect thy ashes, 'gainst this houre,
And all for such import? surrender strait
This usurpation of thy warmth and weight,
And turne to Aire, thy Spirit to a winde:
Blow thine owne dust about, untill we finde
No small remainder of ill gatherd thee
And like to it, so waste thy memorie.

Action.

Thou Impoſture to ſome darke Region ſteale
The light is killing, cauſe it doth reveale
Thy thin diſguiſe, I'th darke thou ne're wilt fade,
For diſmall plants ſtill proſper in the ſhade;
Thou art a ſhadow, and obſerve how all
Vaine ſhadowes to our eyes ſtretch and grow tall,
Iuſt when the Sunne declines to bring in night,
So thou doſt thrive in darkneſſe, waſte in light.

Bellerophon.

Away! Fame (ſtill obedient unto Fate)
This happy houre is call'd to celebrate
Britanocles, *and thoſe that in this Iſle*
The old with moderne vertues reconcile.
Away! Fames univerſall voyce I heare, *A trumpet within.*
Tis fit you vaniſh quite when they appeare. *Exeunt Merlin, Impoſture.*

In the further part of the Scene, the earth open'd and there roſe up a richly adorn'd Palace, ſeeming all of Gold ſmiths worke, with *Portico's* vaulted on Pillaſters running farre in: the Pillaſters were ſilver of ruſticke worke, their baſes and capitels of gold, in the midſt was the principall entrance, and a gate; the doores leaves with figures of Baſſe-relieve, with Jambs and frontiſpice all of gold, above theſe ran an Architrane Freeſe and Coronis of the ſame; the Freeſes enricht with Jewels; this bore up a Balleſtrata, in the midſt of which, upon an high Tower with many windowes ſtood Fame in a Carnation garment, trimd with gold, with white wings and flaxen haire, In one hand a golden Trumpet, and in the other an Olive Girland.

In the lower part leaning on the Rayle of the Balleſters were two Perſons, that on the right hand perſonating Arms with a Curace and plumed Helme, and a broken Lance in his hand.

On the left hand, a woman in a watchet robe trim'd with ſilver, on her head a Bend, with little wings like thoſe of *Mercury*, and a ſcrowle of parchment in her hand, repreſenting Science.

When this Palace was arrived to the height, the whole Scene was changed into a Periſtilium of two orders, Dorick and Ionick with their ſeverall Ornaments ſeeming of white marble, the Baſes and Capitals of gold; this joyning with the former having ſo many returnes, openings, and windowes, might well be knowne for the glorious Palace of Fame.

The *Chorus* of Poets entred in rich habits of ſeveverall colours, with Laurels on their heads guilt.

Muſicke.

Fame ſings.

Breake forth thou Treaſure of our ſight,
That art the hopefull morne of every day,
Whoſe faire example makes the light,
By which Heroique vertue findes her way.

(2)

O thou, our cheerfull morning riſe
And ſtrait thoſe miſtie clouds of errour cleere,
Which long have overcaſt our eyes,
And elſe will darken all this Hemiſphere:

(3)

(3)

What to thy Power is hard or ſtrange?
Since not alone confinde unto the land;
Thy Scepter to a trident change,
And ſtrait unruly Seas thou canſt command!

(4)

How hath thy wiſedome rais'd this Iſle?
Or thee, by what new title ſhall we call
Since it were leſſning of thy ſtile,
If we ſhould name thee natures Admirall!

(5)

Thou univerſall wonder know
We all in darkneſſe mourne till thou appeare,
And by thy abſence dull'd may grow,
To make a doubt if day were ever here!

The Maſquers came forth of the Periſtilium, and ſtood on each ſide, and at that inſtant the gate of the Palace open'd, and *Britanocles* appear'd.

The habit of the Maſquers was cloſe bodies of Carnation, embroydered with ſilver, their arming ſleeves of the ſame; about their waſte two rowes of ſeverall faſhioned leaves, and under this their baſes of white, reaching to the middle of their thigh, on this was an under baſis with labels of Carnation embroidered with ſilver, and betwixt every paine were puffs of ſilver faſtned in knots to the labels, the trimming of the ſhoulders was as that of the Baſis, their long ſtockins ſet up were Carnation with white ſhooes, and roſes, their bands and cuffes made of purles of Cutworke, upon their heads little carnation caps embroydered as the reſt, with a ſlit turned up before, out of the midſt came

ſeverall

severall falls of white feathers diminishing upwards in a Pyramidall forme.

This habit was beautifull, rich, and light for dancing, and proper for the Subject of this Masque. *Musick.*

The Palace sinkes, and Fame remaining hovering in the Aire, rose on her wings singing, and was hidden in the Clouds.

Chorus.

Britanocles, *the great and good appeares,*
His Person fils our eyes, his name our eare,
His vertue every drooping spirit cheers!

Fame.

why move these Princes of his traine so slow
As taking root, they would to Statues grow,
But that their wonder of his vertue turnes them so!

'Tis fit you mix that wonder with delight,
As you were warm'd to motion with his sight,
So pay the expectation of this night.

Chorus.

Move then in such a noble order here,
As if you each his governed Planet were,
And he mov'd first, to move you in each spheare.

Chorus.

O with what joy you'l measure out the time?
Each breast like his still free from every crime,
Whose pensive weight might hinder you to clime!

The Masquers descend into the roome.

The song ended, the Scene returnes to that of Brittaine:

The

The Masquers dance their entrie.

Which ended, a new *Chorus* of our owne moderne Poets rais'd by *Merlin*, in rich habits differing from the rest, with Laurels on their heads guilt, make their addresse to the Queene.

(1)

Our eyes (long since dissolv'd to Ayre)
To thee for Day must now repaire,
Though rais'd to life by Merlins *might,*
Thy stocke of Beautie will supply
Enough of Sunne from either eye,
To fill the Organs of our sight!

(2)

Yet first thy pittie should have drawne
A Cloud of Cypresse or of Lawne,
To come betweene thy radiant Beams:
Our eyes (long darkned in a shade)
When first they so much light invade
Must ake and sicken with extreams.

(3)

Yet wiser reason hath prevail'd
To wish thy beauties still unvail'd,
'Tis better that it blinde should make us,

Than wee ſhould want ſuch heavenly Fire,
That is ſo uſefull to inſpire
Thoſe Raptures which would elſe forſake us.

(4)

who knowes but Homer *got his Flame*
From ſome Refulgent Græcian Dame
Whoſe beauty gave his Muſe ſupplies:
And would not truſt in humble Proſe
His noble thoughts, but rather choſe
High numbers, though with loſſe of ties.

Here the Scene changed, and in the fartheſt part the ſea was ſeene, terminating the ſight with the Horizon; on the one ſide was a Haven, with a Citadell, and on the other broken grounds and Rocks; from whence the ſea-Nimph *Galatea* came waving forth, riding on the back of a Dolphin, in a looſe ſnow white garment, about her neck chaines of Pearle, and her armes adorn'd with bracelets of the ſame; her faire haire diſheveled and mixt with ſilver, and in ſome part covered with a veile which ſhe with one hand graciouſly held up, being arrived to the midſt of the ſea, the Dolphin ſtayed, and ſhe ſung with a Chorus of muſick.

Gala-

Galateas song.

(1)

So well Britanocles *o're seas doth Raigne,*
Reducing what was wild before,
That faireſt ſea-Nymphs leave the troubled maine,
And haſte to viſit him on ſhore.

(2)

What are they leſſe than Nymphs ſince each make ſhew
Of wondrous Immortality?
And each thoſe ſparckling Treaſures weares that grow
Where breathleſſe Divers cannot Prie?

(3)

On ever moving waves they us'd to dance
Vnto the whiſtling of the wind;
Whoſe meaſures hit and meet by erring chance,
Where Muſick can no concord find.

(4)

But now for their Majeſtick welcome trie
How ev'n, and equally they'le meet,

When you ſhall lead them by ſuch Harmony,
As can direct their eares, and feet.

Which done, ſhe gently paſt away, floating on the waves as ſhee came in. After this ſome ſhips were diſcern'd ſayling afar off ſeverall wayes, and in the end a great Fleet was diſcovered, which paſſing by with a ſide wind tackt about, and with a proſperous gale entred into the Haven, this continuing to entertaine the ſight, whilſt the dancing laſted.

The Valediction.

(1)

Wiſe Nature, that the Dew of ſleepe prepares
To intermit our joyes, and eaſe our cares,
Invites you from theſe Triumphs to your reſt.
May ev'ry whiſper that is made be chaſt,
Each Lady ſlowly yeeld, yet yeeld at laſt;
Her Heart a Priſner to her Lovers breaſt!

(2)

To wiſh unto our Royall Lover more
Of youthfull bleſſings than he had before,
Were but to tempt old Nature bove her might,
Since all the Odor, Muſique, Beauteous Fire,
Wein the ſpring, the ſpheares, the ſtars, admire
Is his renew'd, and betterd ev'ry night!

(3)

To Bed, to Bed, may ev'ry Lady dreame
From that chiefe beauty shee hath stollen a Beame,
Which will amaze her Lovers curious Eyes!
Each lawfull Lover to advance his youth,
Dreame he hath stolne, his Vigor, Love, and Truth;
Then all will haste to Bed, but none to Rise!

The KINGS Majestie,

Duke of *Lenox*,
L. *Wil. Hamilton*,
Earle of *Carlile*,
Earle of *Elgin*,
L. *Phil. Herbert*,
Lord *Russell*,
Mr. *Francis Russell*,
L. *Lodowick Stuart*,
Earle of *Devonshire*,
Earle of *Newport*
Lord *Pagit*,
Lord *Wharton*,
Lord *Andevor*,
Mr. *Tho. Howard*,